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SENATOR PALMER, THE PRESIDENTIAL NOMINEE OF THE "SOUND MONEY" DEMOCRATS.



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NEW YORK CITY.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1896.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THERE is no doubt that England lost the greatest artist with the pen, so far as prose fiction is concerned, that she has possessed since the death of Thackeray, when Robert Louis Stevenson died, at the age of forty-four, in the South Sea Island of Samoa, near the close of 1894. Of men of talent there are many every year; of men of genius there are a few in every generation; but the truly admirable artists who have enlarged the scope and enhanced the distinction of English prose may be reckoned on the fingers of one hand, since Addison laid down the pen. Certainly neither Walter Scott nor Dickens, nor Bulwer, Trollope or Charles Reade, nor Hardy nor George Meredith, remarkable as their respective merits are, belongs in the small and supreme list of those who have honored the English language by the style as distinguished from the substance of their writings. Stevenson, who died at an age but one year younger than that reached by Scott when "Waverley" saw the light, and but three years older than that reached by Sterne when he published "Tristram Shandy," vies with the former as a life-like delineator of Scottish character and manners, and with the latter as an exquisite manipulator of the English tongue.

That the artist is born, not made, has been seldom more conclusively proved than in the case of Stevenson. His father and grandfather had gained both honor and emolument as civil engineers, and the boy Robert was intended for the same profession. At the Scottish public schools, however, and at the University of Edinburgh wherein his youth was passed, he got, or seemed to get, from the academical curriculum but little beyond the modicum of learning needed for a degree. But there is always a doubt about the validity of academical methods, and it is probable that Stevenson assimilated more, even of what is known technically as scholarship, than the reports of his examiners would indicate. There are men who inhale through the nostrils, while others dig with the pick. Be that as it may, it is certain, for he himself has recorded it, that most of his time in school, and in the University, was devoted not to the studies traditionally prescribed but to the mastery of the English language, considered as a repertory of the lines and colors needed for the vivid, telling presentation of pictures and ideas. What his method was he himself has told us; and the frank confession seems to have shocked some of the Philistines who assume that the conquest of a vocabulary comes by nature, and who fail to perceive that when we say an artist is born we simply mean that he will pursue instinctively and irrepressibly the process requisite for his development. The process, which Stevenson has described with characteristic candor, is that which must needs be followed by every prospective master workman, whether his chosen instrument be the chisel, the brush or the pen. He must kneel, as a novice kneels, before the high-priests of his profession; if he aims to become a writer, he must make the master-works of his country's literature his own, until they run as glibly from his tongue as the prayer learned at his mother's knee; he must ponder them, searchingly and lovingly; brood over them, by day and by night, until he has extracted from them the inmost secret of their force and beauty. He must feel that the lasting triumphs of mankind belong to the wielders of the written word; that it is by the shades and semi-tones of language that soul speaks across the centuries to soul; that it is by verbal contours and pigments wrought into shapes of loveliness and power that the heart is shaken and the mind subdued. Nobody taught Stevenson this; he guessed it as all artists guess

it; and while his colleagues were at work on the conventional tasks of the hour he was committing to a retentive and eclectic memory great masses of the sinewy, splendid, ductile and seductive prose by which Hooker, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Milton, Fuller, Dryden, Swift, Addison, Sterne, Fielding, Johnson and Thackeray have tempered the incomparable instrument which we call the English tongue. Thus it was that Stevenson collected the astonishing vocabulary, and attained the unerring skill in using it, which enabled him to play upon the human heart as only the great orators, dramatists, poets and novelists have played on it, and to acquire an imperishable hold on future students of English diction.

While Stevenson drew his style from books he did not draw from them the substance of his writings, as Keats did, and as Pater in our own time has done. To him style was a means and not an end; it was a tool, and he sought elsewhere than in a library the materials on which to try it. After his implement was fashioned the world became his workshop. He was a wide traveler and an incessant observer: his eye was quick, and his ear alert. There was canniness in the shrewdness of his glance, and something almost uncanny in the penetration of his judgment. He was a reader of men; none of the premonitions of conduct, none of the indices of character escaped him. Nor was the field of his inquisitiveness limited to human beings only; he had all of Walter Scott's love for Nature, and the same faculty for recognizing its objective aloofness and simplicity, undisguised by an imputed sympathy with human moods. He could appreciate at once the broad effects and the details of a landscape, and he could reproduce a scene with pictorial warmth of color, and with almost photographic accuracy. Not only what he saw, but what he dreamed of, was sharply outlined and alive. Eclectic in his choice of theme, Stevenson was a realist in treatment. His "Treasure Island," for example, though of imagination all compact, has for the reader as much actuality as Robinson Crusoe's isle. Some of his descriptions of real places, such as the lakes and moors of Scotland, or the rivers and dales of inland France, have not been surpassed in our time even by Ruskin and Hamerton. Even amid the pitfalls of the historical novel, wherein Walter Scott so often floundered, he seemed to keep his footing sure. He made no mistakes that the reader could detect; he asserted nothing that appeared incredible. There is no doubt that a vast amount of study preceded each of his achievements in this field; but the process of assimilation was completed; there were no marks of the chisel on the polished surface of the finished work. His industry, his patience, his self-restraint, his self-imposed devotion to his prescribed ideal, made him the most trustworthy of craftsmen. In his books there is no evidence of haste or of fatigue; there is nothing slovenly, nor any sign of strain. He took as much pains with the construction of his stories as he had taken with his style. He was not one of those novelists whose readers must content themselves with felicitous characterization and a close approach to perfection of phrase. His stories all have a well-jointed plot; he considered a rightly articulated skeleton as indispensable to beauty in prose fiction as it is in the human form. He had, therefore, all three of the merits which in a novelist ought to be conjoined.

It was characteristic of Stevenson that he should have ultimately sought a home in one of the South Sea Islands, after a long and fruitful experience of the ways of civilized mankind. By the bent of his imagination he revolted from the commonplace, and was irresistibly attracted to the anomalous, the mysterious, the strange. Even in those books that deal with Scotland or with London he is always in quest of the unique or the exceptional; of incidents and personalities unconventional and sensational. It is this thirst for the sensational which he makes the reader share in "The New Arabian Nights," in "The Dynamiters," and, again, in "The Suicide Club." The same taste for the abnormal and the adventurous leads him to select for portraiture Jacobites and fugitives from justice in "Kidnapped," ingot hunters and pirates in "Treasure Island," pursuers of transcendental medicines in "Dr. Jekyll," lawless traders in the "South Sea Tales," unscrupulous speculators in the "Wrecker," and political conspirators in "Prince Otto." Mys-

terious purlieus of great towns, fastnesses in the trackless depths of forests, unknown corners of the Pacific; such are the haunts which his fancy seeks, unbridled save by the injunction to stray not beyond the bounds of art. The injunction was never disobeyed. Wild as are many of the scenes which Stevenson has depicted; astounding, nay ghastly, as are some of the complications chosen for unravelment; undisciplined and unprincipled as are many of the men, and explosive, nay ignoble, as are some of the passions selected for portrayal on his canvas, the hand that paints invariably exhibits the self-control and nice discretion befitting a work of art.

Stevenson seems to have started at the outset with the conviction that love had too long and too exclusively occupied prose fiction, and that he, for one, would interest an audience without appealing to that passion. Unquestionably he succeeded. He has enchained multitudes of readers with narratives containing not even the suggestion of a love story. Women scarcely figure in his earlier books; young and attractive women, not at all. Many and many a feminine reader, accustomed to the conventional literary diet, must have been startled and amazed to find herself hanging breathless over pages in which there was not a trace of languishing and pining, of desire and pursuit, of marrying and giving in marriage. It is doubtful whether Stevenson would ever have diverged from a path, which, to the astonishment of publishers, had led to fame and fortune, had not the calumnious assertion reached him that he could not write a love story. Thereupon, what they said he could not do he did. In all of his later books love plays a part, and sometimes a strong one. In "The Master of Ballantrae," for instance, we have a touching example of a husband's silent devotion to a wife; in "Catriona" we have a young woman whose witchery no man can withstand, and against whose beguilement even her own sex is not proof. No one shall hear feminine readers say that they cannot comprehend what men can see in her.

It is rash to say of contemporary men that their writings are destined to be classics, yet this was said of Stevenson in his lifetime, and it is reaffirmed since his death. Even as a writer of travels, he has produced books that, considered not for their geographical value but for their literary merit, the world will not willingly let die. The claim of his novels to longevity rests not only on artistic worth but on the strong personal affection awakened in his readers by the author. Although he scarcely ever preaches, and seldom comes forward as a showman, Stevenson's style in this respect being antithetical to Thackeray's, there are no novels through which the author's personality shines more distinctly. His habitual attitude toward his fellow-men, which could not but reveal itself in comment and dialogue, is so manly, so cheery, so tolerant, so urbane, that the reader's sympathy is instantly attracted. One recognizes in the writer a good fellow; and not only desires to see more work of his making but longs to know the man. Those who did meet him were not disappointed. He was the most genial of companions, willing to listen and willing to talk, although of himself and of his writings he could not be prevailed upon to speak. It is remembered that while he rejoiced in the joy of others, and sorrowed in their griefs, he never alluded to troubles of his own. Troubles he had, however, such as breed in many men moroseness and misanthropy. All his life, with the exception of his few last years at Samoa, he was an invalid, consciously doomed to an early death, and uncertain when the stroke might fall. Yet to chat with him was to feel the sunshine, and sunshine is irradiated from his work. In none of his writings is there a shadow of dependency or even a vestige of foreboding. Wishing for himself a short hour of gayety, and striving to make others gay, he banished from his life and from his books the admonitions of a dark philosophy and the withering gospel of despair. With much to make him pessimistic, his was the smiling creed of *Candide*, and it will be no fault of his if by his charmed and happy readers the changeful world they live in is not mistaken for an earthly paradise. In a word, Stevenson on his death-bed, looking back on the ample results of a life too short, may well have said with the Roman Emperor: "Have I played my part well? Then dismiss me!"

OUR NOTE BOOK

BY EDGAR SALTUS.

EVERY man his own kodak is a possibility which time will develop into fact. It is stated that in London recently Professor Inglis Rogers looked at a postage stamp, went to a dark room, gazed through the lens of a camera, and the result was a photograph, small and a trifle blurred, but still a photograph of a young woman supported by the words "One Penny." Such is the statement.

It will be evident, of course, that that which was photographed was not an image resting on the retina of the eye, but a projection from the *tabula rasa* of the mind. It was not necessary for Professor Rogers to have first looked at a stamp. It would have sufficed had he thought of one. Recognizing that fact, Mr. Cameron Lee, another English experimenter, got into darkness, put his eye in the focus of a lens and thought of a cat. The result was a rounded outline within which a cat appeared, and the bridge between psychic power and photographic sensitiveness was alleged to have been made. The story is a fake. Even so, the idea is by no means new. The mind has been always held to be sovereign over matter. It is the possibilities evoked which are novel and which enchant. Here is one. A newspaper recently sent a man to report the proceedings at a trial. The trial began at 10.30 A.M., and, owing to a whim of the judge, it was prolonged into a night-session which lasted until 10.30 P.M. It was necessary for the paper which the reporter represented to go to press two hours later. In those two hours it was necessary for that reporter to furnish twelve columns of matter. Of course he could not do it unaided. He dictated a certain quantity to one stenographer who then wrote out the notes, a certain quantity to a second stenographer, the balance to a third. In that way the paper he represented was enabled on the morrow to present the proceedings of that trial in full. The reporter, physically exhausted, took to his bed. There was the strain of the day, the tax on memory, the mental concentration on the verbal recital of all that had occurred. No wonder he was exhausted. And it was the recital which exhausted him most. Had he been able, as the twentieth century reporter will be, to think into a lens, there would have been an economy of nervous energy and the labor of three stenographers saved. For if you can think of an object, and have that thought photographically reproduced, the development and perfecting of the photography of successive mental operations is but a question of time—of invention and of genius.

The vitascope, which is the outcome of the kinetoscope, which in itself is a development of the photograph of still life, is so new as to be marvelous to us still. We used to look at the black and white photograph of a pretty ballet girl and think it very pretty indeed; but when we did where was the seer among us who foretold that presently we would see the photograph of that girl made life-size, that it would reproduce the rouge on her cheeks, the cornflower of her eyes, the gleam of her hair, the changes of her smile, that the photograph would make her dance before us? There was no seer then to tell us that, and had there been one, at his insult to our common sense we would have revolted.

But even the vitascope is in its infancy. In the twentieth century those that are too lazy to fly when they want other scenes may sit at home, press a button and see as from a window the crowd surging through Regent Circus, the regiments passing down the Unter den Linden, the princesses in the Corso, the shadows moving on the Himalayas, and the gemlike splendor of blue Thibetan stars.

In the Paris clubs, if you don't want to go to the opera now, you may sit in an armchair, smoke your cigar, drink your coffee, talk to your friends, play cards, if you like, and at the same time, through a convenient phonographic arrangement which we don't seem to have in this country, listen, without effort, to the roudades of a prima donna, the upper notes of a tenor and to the shiver of strings of an orchestra that is a mile away.

The betrothal of the phonograph and the vitascope is announced, the banns are published; when the marriage takes place and the union is complete we shall have all the comforts of home combined with all the pleasures of sight-seeing. Instead of the annoyances of travel we may sit in an armchair and see and hear whatever we like. The change of air may be lacking, but there will be lacking, too, the surprising bills of foreign hotel-keepers. It will be convenient and economical, and, if not the ideal, it will be a condition which nearly approaches it.

Now there is many a true word said in jest. The experiments of Professor Rogers and of Mr. Lee might have been taken from Edgar Poe. They are wholly imaginary and constitute a scientific hoax. But there is no reason why with the perfection of lenses the comedy of the day may not become the verity of the morrow. Those familiar with telepathy and the transference of thought do not need to be reminded that which can be transferred may be detained in transitu, preserved as well and reproduced. When the detention of thought is accomplished, then, with the perfecting of the vitascope and the phonograph, the ideal will be within beck and call, and may we all live to see it.

But ideas of the ideal vary. There is a lady now in New York, Mrs. Charlotte Smith, who concurs that the ideal may be best attained by the reformation of waitresses and the suppression of the bicycle.

"I want to know," said Mrs. Smith recently, "how waitresses spend their evenings?"

The bicycle has, she declares, introduced a new and immodest style of dress among them. In addition bicycle academies have, she states, thrown new forms of temptation in their way, and it is her intention to learn how these poor and tempted waitresses get the expensive bicycles which she has seen, the expensive clothes which they wear on the Boulevard and why they have so many male admirers.

To obtain this information Mrs. Smith has devised a splendid scheme. She is organizing a corps of young women of her acquaintance who are to dress themselves prettily, wheel up and down the Boulevard and take notes, tell all they see, all they hear, and then Mrs. Smith will begin her work of reform. Precisely how she does not state, precisely why she does not explain. But then the reformation of waitresses is to begin and the Boulevard is to be purged of their presence.

To this, personally, I have no objection, nor, I take it, have you. The Boulevard is very crowded at times and a few less would not be missed. Moreover, as I should not know that a woman was a waitress unless I saw her in the performance of her duties, her presence on the road is one that I can spare. To this I may add that whether or not Mrs. Smith's declarations concerning waitresses be true or false I neither know nor care. But this I do know, and with entire deference to that lady I will state it. She had best occupy herself with her household affairs.

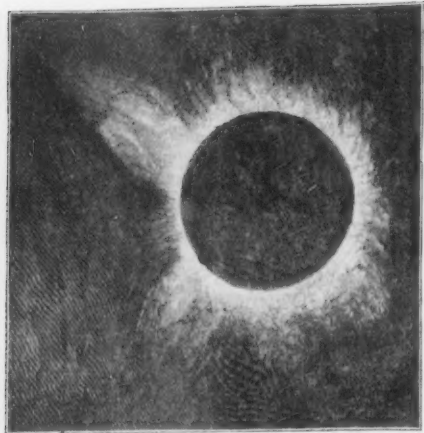
From the tenor of her talk it is obvious that she thinks, or feigns to think, that not only waitresses, but young women of every class and station, are being corrupted by the bike, and that the Boulevard and adjacent drives are haunted by the depraved. That is all nonsense. I have pedaled up and down the Boulevard day after day; I have scorching along the Riverside, wheeled in and out of Central Park. I have encountered cohorts of women, battalions of men. I have kept my eyes open, too. And only once have I seen a suggestive act. It came about in this fashion. Wheeling ahead of me one day was a girl with a very pretty figure. Presently I passed her and noticed that she had a very pretty face as well. In a few moments I caught up with a young man, noticed the restiveness of his bike, forgot all about him and it rode on. On the Riverside I turned, and lo and behold there were those two young people biking together. It occurred to me that there and then, without the formality of an introduction, the girl had suffered that chap to make her acquaintance, and I decided that it was a rather free-and-easy thing for her to do. Half an hour later it so chanced that Claremont, where I stopped for a bottle of Schweppes, the table next to mine was taken by them. In no time at all a young woman entered, the pretty girl called her, the young

man stood up and my fair bicyclist with the sweetest manner in the world exclaimed: "Won't you please let me present to you my brother?" Frankly I felt ashamed of myself, and, while I may be in error—I frequently am—I think that if Mrs. Smith, instead of sending out reporters to take notes for her, were to make a few excursions on the wheel she, too, would be ashamed.

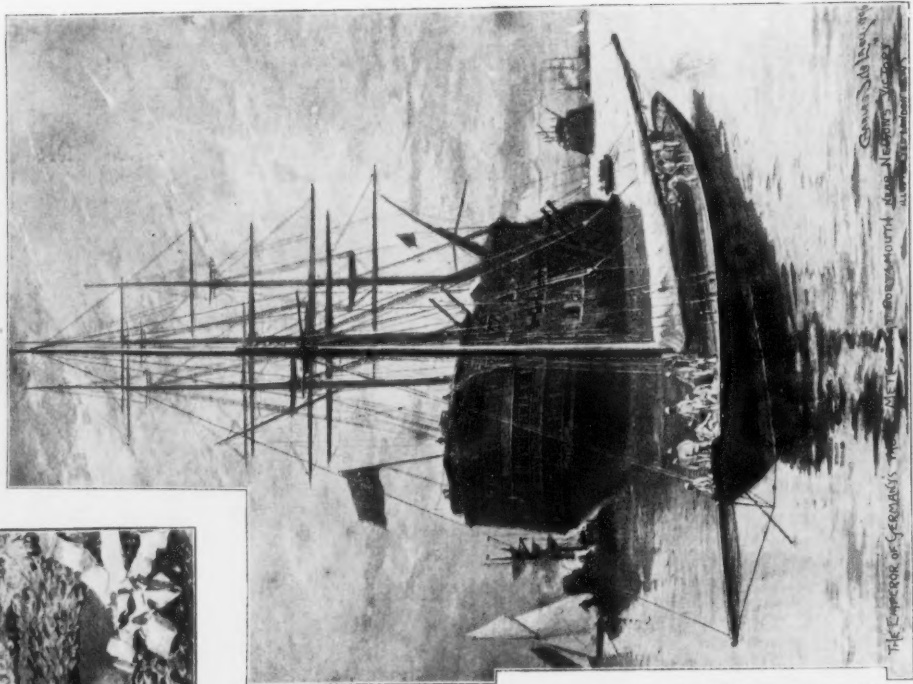
There are fast girls everywhere, even in church. There are women, too, and plenty of them, who are a great many removes from good. But they have always existed. In New York doubtless some of them bike. But the fact that they do does not render bicycling improper, nor wheeling on the Riverside conducive to ill. And it is totally impossible for any healthy-minded person to ride along there and not admire the countless pretty girls and the perfect propriety of their demeanor. That to the pure all things are pure we learned in the nursery, but does it not take years to teach us that there are those whose conception of morality consists in having improper thoughts of other people?

Instead of abusing the bike, as some women do, they should be grateful to it, if for no other reason than that it is modifying the hideousness of men's dress. It is not so long ago that we looked like a nation of undertakers. Black coats, black hats, subdued neckcloths were what the Western press calls *de rigueur*. It was not regarded as the height of elegance to appear otherwise than as a mute. The bicycle has changed all that. At Newport garden parties this summer many were the men who went in knickers of white crash, in striped coats and white caps. Two years ago such a costume would have been inadmissible. Two years ago there were men who fought against going to Newport just because they could not dress as they liked. Bar Harbor became the fashionable resort that it now is through the fact that you could dress there as you saw fit; that men could wear knickerbockers and dispense with dress suits. You could dispense there, too, with starched linen. You couldn't at Newport, you couldn't at Cowes, you could not at any of the crack resorts. Starched linen is the greatest abomination that fashion ever inflicted on the Occident. In summer now it is only at night that you see it, and even then you need not wear it unless you prefer. Flannels, too, which, if comfortable, are ugly, have been replaced by what I believe it is technical to call Oxfords, a shirt made of a substance thicker than linen but of which only the cuffs and collars are stiff. I defy you to wear anything nicer, and if you go to the right shop you may supply yourself with them in shades and colors that are a delight to the eye. They are not only cool, they are refreshing to look at. It is the bike that has done that. It has brought with it comfort and color, astounding stockings and cravats of rainbow hues. It will not be so long now before men dress as gayly as women, with the same eye for effect that was observable when the English court was at Whitehall. There will be no frills as there was then, no laces and wigs, but there will be a general brilliance of plumage which we have learned to forget.

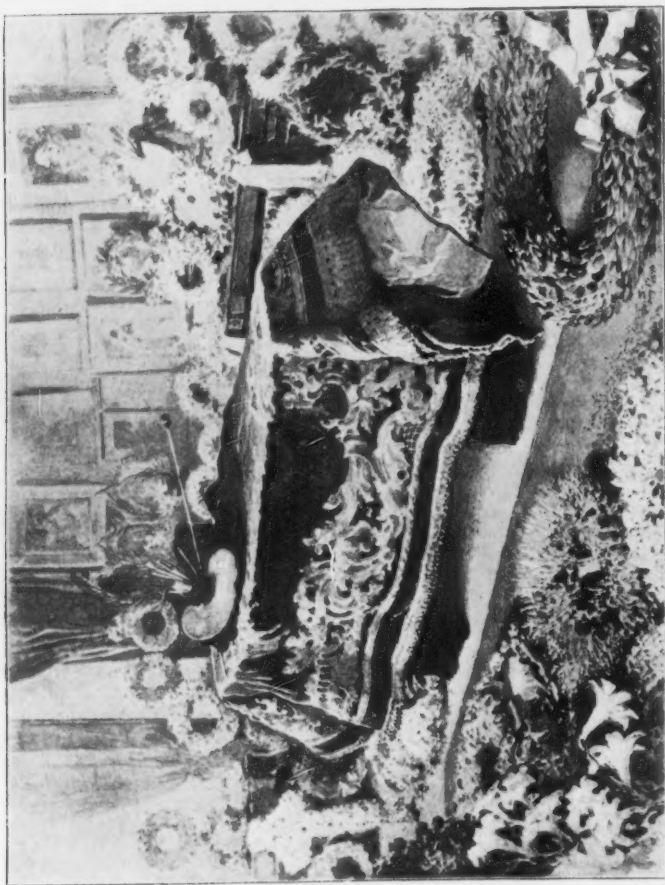
The return of Mapleson this autumn will be a trifle melancholy to those who used to haunt the Academy of Music before the Metropolitan Opera House was built. He is to go back there, but of those who used to greet his songbirds the majority are dispersed. In those days the horseshoe, as the gallery was called in which the boxes were, was like a lively reunion of friends. Everybody knew each other. There were no Vanderbilts in those days, no Chicago millionaires, none of that insolent luxury to which we have become accustomed since. People had their boxes as they had their horses—for pleasure, not for show. And a pleasure it was. Though the chorus was never tip-top, the ballad was excellent, the orchestra first-class, and there were real tenors—men who could not only take the high C but act, carry the house with them and make the hearts of the debutantes throb. It was there Campanini had triumphs such as the Metropolitan Opera House has never seen equaled since. But with the boxes gone, the debutantes middle-aged, that reunion of friends dispersed, it will be a trifle melancholy this year.



THE ECLIPSE OF THE SUN AT THE MOMENT OF TOTALITY



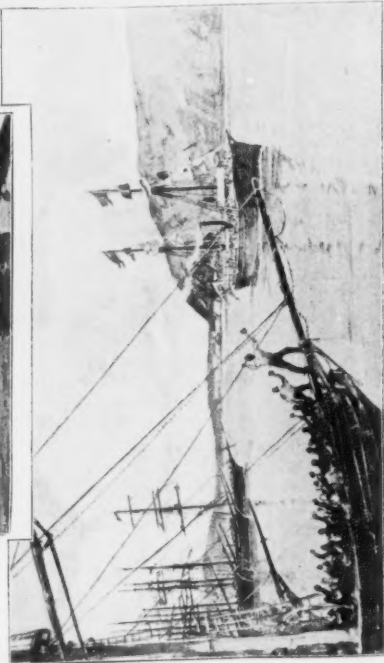
THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY'S YACHT AT BONGHOUTH, DUTCH STRAITS



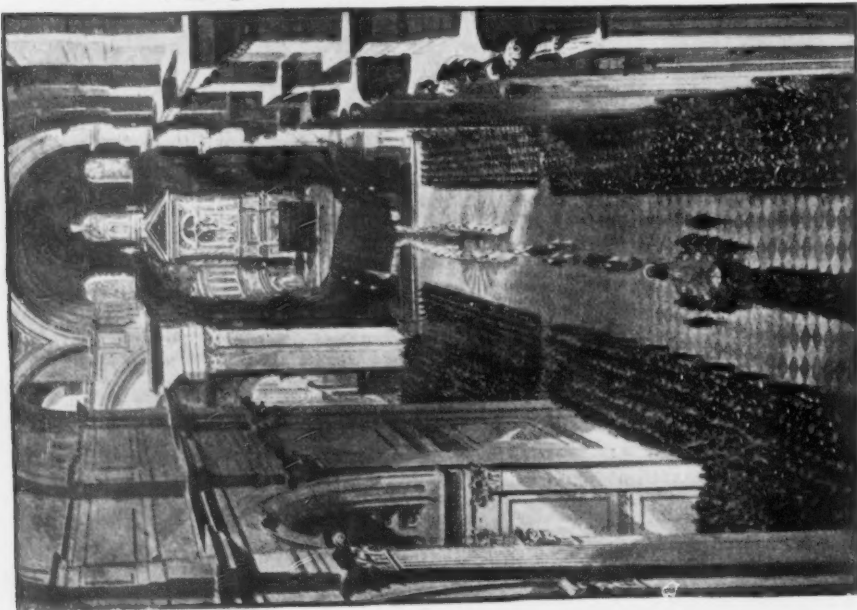
THE LATE SIR JOHN E. MILLAR'S TOMB LIVING IN STATE AT BONGHOUTH



THE LATE SIR JOHN E. MILLAR'S TOMB LIVING IN STATE AT BONGHOUTH



THE SS TIGER ARRIVING IN THE HARBOR AT HAMMERFEST WITH DR. NAGSEN ON BOARD

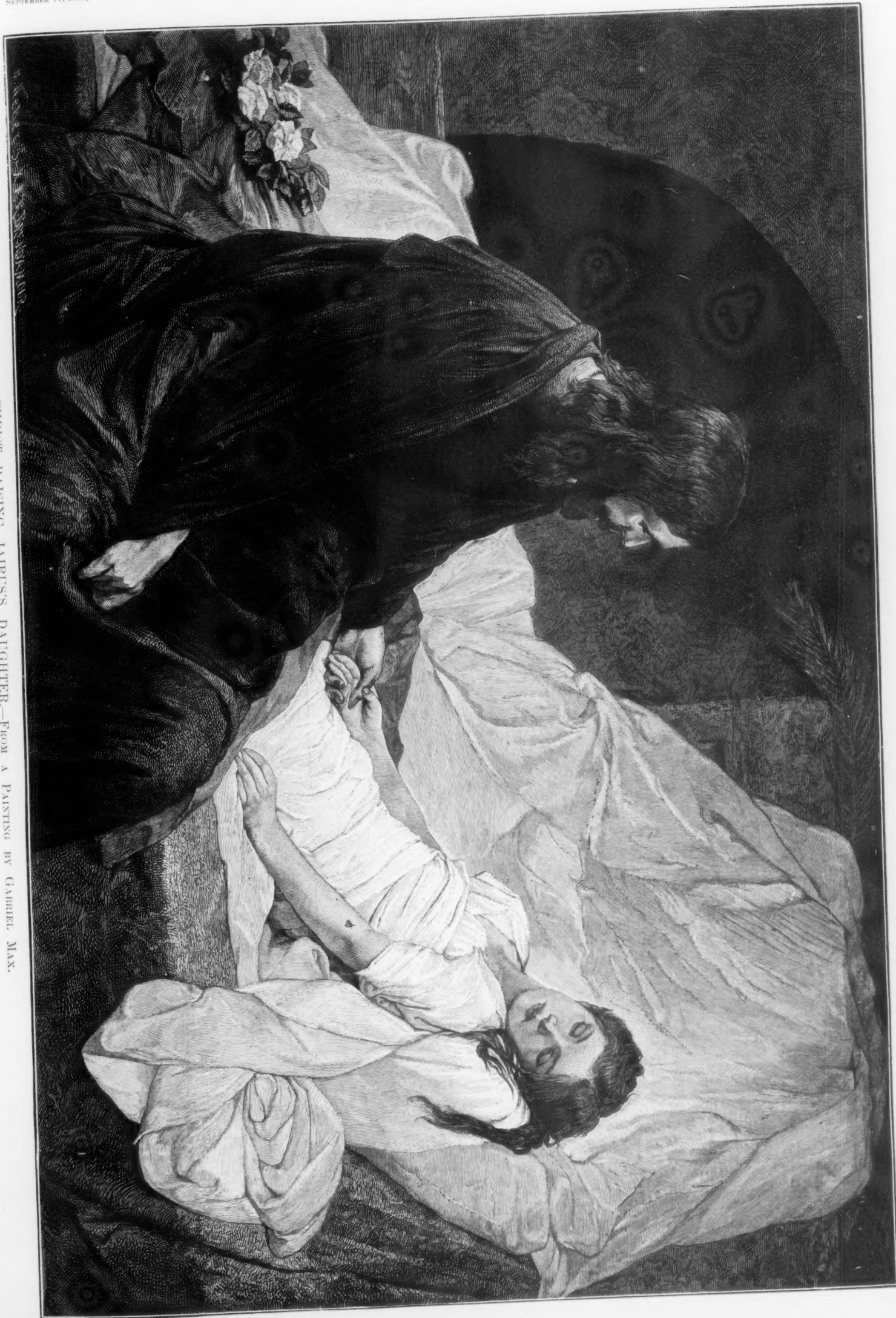


THE FUNERAL OF SIR JOHN E. MILLAR'S PRA AT ST PAUL'S CATHEDRAL



THE RETURN OF DR. NAGSEN AFTER HIS ATTEMPT TO REACH THE NORTH POLE

SOME FOREIGN SKETCHES OF INTEREST.



CHRIST RAISING JAIRUS'S DAUGHTER.—FROM A PAINTING BY GABRIEL MAX.

MEN MANNER (AND MOOD)

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

VIII.

IN announcing a new book by Mr. Henry James, his publishers have recently stated that "he has always held himself to a high standard of literary achievement and has been rewarded with the amplest success and the consequent admiration of those whose judgment anticipates the lasting verdict of Time."

All this differs from the usual high-flown puff of the solicitous publisher in being perfectly true. Few authors, living or dead, have maintained so persistent a loyalty to the best and finest both in form and substance as Mr. James has done. His entire literary career is exceptionally familiar to me. I may state that there are very few lines printed over his own signature that I have not read, and often re-read, and still again re-read, always with increasing delight. I know novelettes and stories of his which he has never chosen to unearth from the magazines in which they have been, by this time, long buried, and I have for years closely followed the changes in his amazing and beautiful style. He is, to my own mind, the one supreme living master of English prose. No one to-day at all approaches him for freshness, penetration, elegance, repose, discretion, and—more than all—absolutely unerring presentation of idea. The ablest French writers have this faculty, but they are rarely half as spiritual and subtle in their meanings. Daudet uses his pen, for example, like a painter's brush, and with occasional wondrous skill. But he and his peers are materialistic writers; they deal too often with mere things; they treat too often only what the eye sees, what the touch makes tactual. Mr. James does all this, and yet he does a great deal more. There is no mood of the mind, no thrill of the emotions, too subtle for him, and yet he, also, can discuss the actual and tangible with a lightness, adroitness and bloom of color scarcely ever rivaled and nowhere excelled. There is nothing, apparently, that he cannot do with English. He can send it hurtling skyward, like a rocket; he can toss it from hand to hand, like a bevy of juggler's balls; he can reveal in it new features of elasticity and sinuosity, altitude and profundity, amplitude and reservation. He can be fernlike in delicacy, granitic in sturdiness, scintillant in epigram, austere in gravity. And always (to his immense credit be it recorded) he has preserved that signal dignity—I may perhaps safely call it an academic and classical dignity—without which, as all backward surveys of literary precedent so infallibly teach us, every effort in letters must become evanescent and perishable.

Now, this holding firmly to an ideal, this persistent avoidance, through an intellectual lifetime, of all aimless "pot-boiling," is, in our present period, I should take it, the sure accompaniment of a well-filled purse. I know enough of Mr. James to feel confident that few famous authors have more cordially detested than does he the interviewer nosing into his private affairs. I have visited him several times at his handsome and comfortable London quarters, but even if I were cruel enough to seek the uplifting or rending of forbidden veils I should be no better equipped by fact for any such violative process than if I were trying to disclose the exact amount of Mr. Vanderbilt's yearly income. All I know is that he lives in ease bordering on luxury, and that the probability is strong of his never having been tempted by the *res augusta* to strive otherwise than as a painstaking artist, in love with his own labor and expectant of his wage, though not needing it.

In one of her celebrated letters George Eliot says that she believes all the best creations of English writers have been the immediate result of poverty; and like certain other augustly delivered statements of this lady I think it more self-assured than truthful. Hardy indeed, however, must be that craftsman of the present day who can dispense with leisure and repose. The hackneyed adjective, the jaded adverb, the phrase cliché, is no longer allowed him. He must search for new molds wherein to pour the melted metal of his thought. If he merely wants to make the pot boil, that is a different

thing; he may tumble in all the coarse lentils and carrots of his vocabulary, and get his cheek from the "Morning This" or the "Evening That." Such species of effort is often coexistent with the ailing wife, the unpropitiable baby, the smoking stove—yea, and the sheriff, also, standing like Mordecai at the gate. But what either Flaubert or some Flaubertite called "the perfect page" doesn't nowadays get itself written amid such hostile encroachments.

Theophile Gautier, it is said, used to write his exquisite *feuilletons* in a noisy cafe, and even hold conversations with journalistic friends while his pen traversed the paper. But this, in a master of such peerless French, seems incredible, and I have always felt that I should have liked to be corroboratively "on the spot," some evening, when this feat was in process of performance. The "pot-boiler," as a rule, is not of the Gautier quality. One doesn't expect the "pot" to be wrought, as in his case, of purest beaten gold, or the "boiler" to be delicate amethyst flames flickering odorously from fagots of sandalwood. Tennyson hated speedy composition, for he called it "raw haste, half-sister to delay"; and Matthew Arnold, a talented though far inferior scribe, spoke of achievement "too great for haste, too high for rivalry." Of our own famous authors, Longfellow never felt the bite of the wolf, and wrote his lovely prose-poem, "Hyperion," while still a very young man, after roaming the continent of Europe, from Iberia to Scandinavia; Lowell inherited money enough to lounge for years in his library and hob-nob, through clouds of tobacco-smoke, with every renowned poet, from Chaucer to the "Lakers"; Holmes chose the study of medicine, less for lucrative reasons than because his riant and jocund Muse gave his energetic spirit too many hours of idleness; Hawthorne never knew want, and was the recipient, at one time, of large returns from a Liverpool consulate; Emerson ate pie for breakfast, and treated himself to a long New England course of dyspeptic living and high thinking, which probably meant fewer dollars a year than it takes to keep some men in boots and gloves; and lastly Whittier, with his simple needs and placid tastes, died leaving a fortune that could not possibly have accrued to him from the sales of his books.

To say that poverty is the friend of art is to call black white. It is not the friend but the fierce and bitter foe of art. It is the friend, if you please, of commercial effort and industry, and hence, when a man has the fluent pen that lets him reel off eight or ten thousand newspaper words a day, it may be called the friend of a certain sort of "writer." But woe to him who bids Euterpe or Clio, or any of her stately sisters, trail classic robes on a grimy attic floor! Not that Mueomsgne's inspiring daughters love luxury—far from it! But they draw the line at thrift. And why not? The housekeeping on Parnassus is irreproachable, and Hebe is very particular with her divine dishcloth before she serves their nectar to the Nine.

I know of nothing more pathetic, nothing more worthy of the deepest sympathy, than efforts toward a really artistic success made by a young American writer of broad talent and slender means. He is rarely worth anything if he be not sensitive, and at every turn he receives, therefore, blows that deal him pain. He may grind his teeth in disgust at the necessity of the "pot-boiler"; it is no more to be escaped than his own shadow. The magazines may take from him a poem or a story, and so fill his soul with rosy hopes. But afterward the chances are that they will reject everything he sends them for months at a stretch. He grows very bitter, and assures himself that if he had a "reputation" he would not be treated like this. But here he will be entirely wrong, for the magazines (I speak of the three or four leading ones) are despots, and care not a fig for the celebrity of an author, provided his work does not please them. What they do care for is celebrity plus popularity and vogue. "Names" are welcome, are indeed indispensable, but they want names that will bring them readers. The successful magazines, be it always borne in mind, are primarily commercial enterprises, and secondly enterprises of literature and draughtsmanship. They could not live at all without their advertisements, as any one of their publishers will tell you; and without their illustrations they would by no means even passably thrive. In the May number of "The Century Magazine" I counted no less than three hundred and seventy-three different kinds of advertisements and seventy-three illustrations. Sand-

wich between these, and peppered by them, are one hundred and sixty pages of "literature."

Very few writers are enabled solely to "live by" the magazines, and those who do (though transiently in nearly all cases) are of the petted kind. The authors who live at all by their work are novelists—none others—and to these the newspaper syndicates and magazines combined have thus far given bread, if not cakes and ale. I say "thus far," because the American novelist is now out of fashion, and every clever Englishman who can patch together a lot of hair-breadth 'scapes dealing with periods of which he really knows nothing, but which have brought him either prizes or birlchings in his school days, can supersede the most careful chronicler of American life and manners. It would seem, indeed, that almost every conceivable device has been resorted to, in this country, for preventing our own novelists from addressing their own public in a way at once direct and honestly profitable. In a recent number of a Western journal called "The Editor" an account is given by a young writer of how he applied to nearly every reputable journal in the United States with the manuscript of a novel. Incessantly the answer came to him that the "syndicates" supplied all desired fiction. Finally the young writer secured a publisher, and his novel gained an excellent sale. But his returns must have been far below what he would have reaped for it if the syndicates had not been planted in the way of his publishing it serially.

Never in the literary annals of any nation has such a condition of affairs existed as now is to be found on our own soil. In England, France and Germany the despotism of the commercial magazine and that of the octopus-like syndicate is a far less masterful force. Books are there held in respect; here they are almost strangled at birth, and in consequence the publishers are yearly issuing fewer and fewer. It is all very well to say that the public desires this state of things, but fashions are not desired by the public; they are often, as in the case of big sleeves for ladies and ugly, high-folded collars for men, thrust upon it. The public is sometimes very hard to fool, yet again it is fooled with an amazing facility. One hears nowadays, "Oh, people haven't time to read books; they want to be amused for a short time," etc., etc. Books? What, then, pray, are the leading modern magazines? They are big, heavy books, which would be much more easily carried, even on trains or steamboats, if they had stiff cloth covers instead of wobbling paper ones. And then the argument that magazines "cost less"! Who of the thousands that read magazines think of preserving them afterward? Now, it is a fact that for the sum of four dollars a year any reader may have one of our prominent magazines delivered to him. And what will he find there? Two or three short stories, two or three essays, a handful of lyrics. Meanwhile the shelves of our great circulating library, The Mercantile, groan with histories, memoirs, romances, scientific studies, all or any of which may be obtained for a yearly payment of five dollars. Between the two acts of expenditure there is this difference: In one case you have free range among the noblest and most brilliant writings of to-day and of countless yesterdays. In another you have the dear privilege of examining a few pretty wood-cuts and considerably more photographic reproductions, effected by "process work," and also of ascertaining that Royal Baking Powder is a supreme household desideratum, and that Cotelene is "sweet as a nut" besides being "delicate, delicious and wholesome for shortening and frying," and, moreover, that "Blue Label Tomato Ketchup" is "A club-house favorite" and "A household need."

We know what choice the American public makes. I sometimes wish that our native authors had a "Mr. Bryan" to plead for them. They are far more in need of an eloquent advocate than the alleged "starving" farmers of the West. And, alas, with too many of them it would be no question, just now, of either gold or silver, but rather of bread for the mouth, raiment for the body, shoes for the feet!

Why doesn't one of the prosperous and fashionable magazines print an article on "Our Indigent Authors"? It would give the corps of draughtsmen such a fine illustrative chance, though it might clash somewhat satirically with the luxurious advertisements of Potted Lobster and Canned Soup—not to speak of Royal Baking Powder.



BEER AND SKITTLES.

I WAS looking at the Manhattan Beach Fireworks the other day; a little boy, sitting near me, was deeply interested in the spectacle. Like other children, he had his theories about things. At length he turned to his father with the following query:

"They hit against the sky when they go up, and that's what makes them bang, ain't it, father?"

The father might at least have replied with a non-committal grunt. The child's notion was natural and charming, and was doing nobody any harm. With certain allowances, it was even true. Heaven is close to children, and they are prone to connect it with all their ideas. It is a healthy and desirable symptom in the little people. Fairies, and all manner of marvels, are real to children, and only good can result from encouraging their fancies as long as possible.

But the father, a prosperous small tradesman, knew better. That is, he had an abiding dread of developing anything that looked like a soul in his offspring. Of the composition of fireworks he perhaps knew not much more than the boy.

"No, no," quoth he, testily. "Nothing of the kind. The powder is put into a long cylinder, and when it gets up it goes off, and makes a noise of course. The sky hasn't anything to do with it. You've got no sense!"

"Oh!" returned the little fellow, disappointedly but submissively. But I partly think and entirely hope he didn't believe his parent's alleged explanation.

In this civilized life the last thing we learn is how to play. Time was when children played by instinct; but now we incline to turn their amusements into edification more or less disguised; instruction and amusement must be combined. In the lapse of generations this taint becomes prenatal, and babies are born who instinctively gather instruction from the rattle and absorb wisdom from thumb-sucking. They are seldom wholly at rest on the mind side. Later, when reason may show them the expediency of true relaxation, habit has become too strong, nor does civilization provide the means. Fun for its own sake is almost a lost art.

Fun for its own sake cannot be had by the unintelligent; only a hale and clear mind is capable of it. Jamaican negroes are unintelligent, and they cannot amuse themselves, though they do indulge in a good deal of empty giggling at nothing at all. Vacation means voluntary banishment of the intellectual cares of the nature, and invitation to the unself-conscious being to emerge and disport itself. But that which does not exist cannot be banished, and therefore the Jamaican negro cannot have vacations.

On the other hand, Shakespeare was capable of such diversion as no other known man could compass, and this capacity on his part was largely operative in enabling him to write immortal drama. Fine minds do not need constant rubbing to keep them bright. The man of talent—of limited intellect—works every day and his work dies. The man of great mind—the genius—works twelve days in the year, and what he does lives forever, and produces other things. Unless ever and anon we warm our icy brains by that part of us which is devoid of gray matter, the latter will put forth no roots in the world, and butter no parsnips.

The perfect life is the life of impulse; but of course the impulse must be good. The thing we call virtue—the obligation to deny instead of expressing ourselves—is the dreary makeshift whereby we seek to patch that seamless garment originally bestowed upon us. Expression is obviously what we were created for. We fear to surrender ourselves to our "propensities," as we call them, and consequently reduce ourselves to a mere incarnation of lifeless formulas.

This vast, innocent, unself-conscious human nature of ours, I say, is intrinsically good, and has become "bad" only because our trumpety little self-conscious individuality must needs insist on taking the reins in its own hands. But behold! the roles are straightway reversed, and the individuality is in mortal terror of being hurried to destruction by the nature. The former now bends all its energies to the hopeless task of restraining instead of encouraging the gigantic creature, and invents ecclesiasticisms, litanies, moralities and bugaboos, by any means to save its precious individual skin from abrasion. It is a humiliating spectacle; but what would you have? Not Gehenna, I hope? Well, then!

We see before us an eternity of scotching and terrorizing. Goodness is to live, but virtue is to kill. And what does virtue kill? Hereditary evil? But this same evil is but good diverted from its true function, which is to aggrandize not the individual but the race. The Ten Commandments are aimed not at Man but at men, since it is plain that were we free from this everlasting incubus of selfishness sin would be a curious abstract conception, devoid of basis in fact. The one sin open to man is that of rating himself above his fellows; others are factitious save as that basic atrocity enters into them. Animals are amenable to no Decalogue, nor would we be did we but remember and act upon the truth that the whole is more lovely than its parts or all of them combined.

The character of an age appears in its amusements. Now, our amusements are operated chiefly by conscious action of the mind, and therefore do not truly amuse. The bow is never relaxed; at best we shoot at random instead of for profit. Apart from the inevitable good wrought by fresh air and salt water, we return from our vacations as little refreshed as when we set out.

Theaters, games, sports, gambling, jesting, flirting, drinking, traveling, music—these are our leading devices for amusement. And what a weariness of flesh and spirit most of them, as practiced by us, are!

Popular drama is either social problems crudely and absurdly treated, satire (so-called), or nakedness verbal or corporeal. These appeal now to our susceptibility to morbid excitement, now to our ill-nature or our indecency. Shakespeare's loveliest comedies are only tolerable to us when they are helped out by photographic scenery, or by actresses who make an income off the stage—that is, not on it. Games are attempts to get the best of one another, and our favorite poker is best played by those who most successfully simulate and penetrate simulation. Sports likewise are competitive and lead to betting and gambling—the next on our list. As for our jesting, it tends to undermine principle and to subvert human dignity; we laugh loudest at some one else's expense. Flirting takes the bloom off maiden purity, and makes youth irreverent. Drinking strives to augment the tippler's private self-satisfaction, and ends in degradation and slavery. Traveling is the restlessness of vanity; and even divine music, misled by Wagner and burlesqued by Offenbach, abrogates its heavenly mission either by propounding intellectual problems, or prompting a mocking grin. In none of these is rest or peace.

The truth is we are secretly afraid and ashamed of ourselves, and strive in our amusements as in our labors to subdue one another and magnify ourselves. We seek not so much vacation from business as timorous oblivion of its anxieties, or the soothing of successful rivalry. On the way downtown, or in any vacant moment, we welcome the newspaper to escape thought. One would say, the most appalling spectacle that can confront an American is the spectacle of his own self. Sooner than contemplate that in its unveiled horror, he would jump into East River.

The fierce, endless struggle, first to live, then to surpass, cannot be intermitted even when we would. We fight to enjoy, and fail. It is a barren existence, and we are old, and die, before we learn what life is. There is no love in it, not even enlightened self-love. We look not abroad, nor aloft, but only at the narrow lane laid out before us by our special trade or proclivity. In this wide universe we are a generation of specialists—it is a contradiction in terms. Even in the "University" our boys must elect those studies only which may minister to their foreseen profession. How many University

graduates, rightly so-called, does each year bring forth? As an English poet says:

An idle poet, here and there,
Looks round him; but, to all the rest,
The world, unfathomably fair,
Is duller than a witling's jest;
And some give thanks, and some blaspheme,
And most forget

—everything except themselves. We move on rigid lines of self-interest, instead of intermingling for one another's sake.

All this sounds cantankerous and ill-natured. And indeed the point of view is superficial. We are less evil than we seem. In a measure each is under the dominion of the spirit of the age, and his private responsibility should be diminished by so much. We must needs do as do others. Tradition, training and custom all bind us to our fate. We will venture to be angels only when fashion gives the word.

But in seasons of real repose the soul involuntarily becomes the channel of impersonal thoughts, the influence whereof is purifying and creative. In these moods we are shown the insanity of our daily experience, and realize the beauty of the normal. We recall the good deeds and wise judgments of man in history, and the loveliness of nature and of human imagination touches us. Those hours are valuable. But from them we are fain presently to arise to the old conflict, and the calmed mirror of the mind is ruffled by fretful ripples, and the fair images that dwell in it are disturbed and destroyed.

Few men are so intrepid as to tempt these serene experiences. And when one does, he meets with scant sympathy. A President who goes a-fishing is caricatured from Maine to California. Would you dare immerse yourself in the pathless woods, out of reach of mail-bags and tickers, without even a rod or a gun, and stay there alone for six weeks? Pitch your tent under a greenwood tree, beside a spring, and sit down with no better company than wild birds and squirrels, leaves and flowers, clouds and sunshine, winds and rain. Do this instead of going to Europe or to a summer hotel, and mark the result.

Madness or suicide, you think. It is true that men have gone mad in the wilderness; but they were vainly trying to get out. You can get out when you choose; but you are to choose to remain. The remedy promises to be an arduous one, but the disease is acute. You are to take no books with you—not the poets, nor the Bible; the forest is the Bible in another form. Admit no human companion either; he will bring the world with him. Be alone, for once in your life; even a dog is perilous. Turn your mind from pictures of the past; but do not attempt, either, to wade in abstract meditations. Trust yourself, for a while, to the artless guidance of your eyes and ears.

Six weeks is nothing. A lifetime could not master a tithe of the secrets hidden, yet open, in these quiet glades. Nature—the forest—is a language, of which our age has lost the key. As you study it, you seem to recede further and further from yourself; and so you do, from the self of selfish interests; but you are moving on a great orbit, nevertheless, and the return of it reveals the key of the mystery latent all the while in the student's own soul. He loses his bitter self, to find the lovelier self that is harmonious with humanity.

Gradually the majestic simplicity of the Universe works its way into your mind, and you realize the pettiness and transience of your private interests. These trees do not run to and fro; these wild creatures have no feverish ambitions. From year to year, from age to age, the grass perfects its unpretending blade, the flower achieves its immemorial form and hue; the animals seek their food and raise their young. They are steadfast, humble and undemonstrative, and they fulfill their destiny. They accomplish their use, eternal because primitive. They are immortal because they are natural. But you, who are artificial, what claim upon immortality have you?

Man, in virtue of his self-consciousness, can rise above nature as well as fall below it. The peace, constancy and glory of wood and meadow, sky and stream, show him as in a picture what his own nature would become, were he but content to love and help his fellows. But he has chopped down his woods, and devastated his fields, and muddied his streams, and slain his repose, in the foolish

(Continued on page 10.)



GOING TO MARKET—PA



MARKET.—PAINTED BY ADRIEN MOREAU.

HAWTHORNE'S VITASCOPE.

(Continued from page 7.)

effort to turn all to his private advantage. Selfish aims are little aims, no matter what horse-power they may apply, or what territory they may compass. The germ of the immortal is not in them. They build no mansions in the skies, and spread forth no heavenly landscapes there. But he who nourishes charity in his heart creates a scenery in his soul compared with which the splendor of material nature is but a darkened and imperfect image. In that holy place are no poisonous plants nor noxious beasts nor unfruitful deserts. The beneficent impulses which he communicates reverberate and increase beyond his knowledge, and make unborn generations happier and better.

In the forest, thoughts visit us, so good and pure that we know they are not our own. We have not the skill to summon them, but they flow in on quiet streams, and inundate our shallow mud-flats with their gracious, radiant tides. The skies are mirrored in them, and the sunbeams sparkle, and there is music in their shining currents. They teach us to give a new meaning to the word amusement. It is the pause in the journey, when, looking abroad, the letter becomes transparent, and we perceive within it the spirit which is eternal motion and fathomless repose. JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

JOAN OF ARC, MAID OF ORLEANS.

A HISTORICAL STUDY.

A holy maid hither with me I bring
Which, by a vision sent to her from heaven,
Ordained is to raise this tedious siege.*
And drive the English forth the bounds of France.
The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,
Exceeding the nine Sybils of old Rome:
What's past, and what's to come, she can descry.
Speak! Shall I call her in?

—Shakespeare, "Henry VI.," Part I.

Few characters mentioned in history are so difficult of complete and thorough comprehension as that of Joan of Arc, the celebrated "Maid of Orleans." Born a humble peasant girl in the early part of the fifteenth century, and spending the first years of her life in the peaceful seclusion of her native village, it is difficult to account for her sudden transformation, without previous experience, into a victorious military leader capable of achieving results in the short space of fifteen months which had previously appeared to be impossible of accomplishment.

Whence came that occult power is something which has never been accounted for. At the period of its manifestation it was held to be the result of witchcraft; and though four hundred and sixty-five years have passed away since the stake was erected in the market-place of Rouen, and the blazing fagots piled high around the heroic maiden as she expiated by a terrible death the alleged crime of heresy but in reality that of freeing her beloved country from the yoke of the English invaders, the question still remains unanswered. The Roman Catholic Church, of which Joan was a devout member, has always maintained that hers was a divinely appointed mission; and in the decree of beatification in her case recently promulgated by Pope Leo XIII. has given formal expression to this sentiment.

The Shakespearean student who closely follows the text of the historical drama of Henry VI. will not be willing to credit Joan with sincerely believing that she was commissioned by Heaven, to restore to the disinherited son of Charles VI. of France the throne and kingdom of which he had been unjustly deprived. Possibly the only concession he will grant is that she was the victim of a delusion. The great dramatist, who wrote in sympathy with his country, has not been generous to Joan's memory; for in the character of Joan la Pucelle he draws a picture of her which certainly would not be accepted as that of an ideal subject for canonization. In her first interview with Charles in the drama Shakespeare thus introduces her and her mission:

Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter.
My wit untrained to any kind of art;
Heaven and our Gracious Lady it hath pleased
To shine on my contemptible estate.
Lo! whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
And to Sun's parching heat display'd my cheek,
God's Mother deigned to appear to me,

* Siege of Orleans, 1429.

And in a vision full of majesty,
Willed me to leave my base vocation,
And free my country from calamity.
Her aid She promised and assured success.
In complete glory She revealed herself,
And, whereas, I was black and swart before,
With those clear rays which She infused on me,
That beauty am I blessed with which you see.

She is then pictured as daring the King to single combat:

My courage try by combat if thou darest;

and the King accepting the challenge lays down the terms:

In single combat thou shalt buckle with me,
And if thou vanquishest thy words are true:
Otherwise I renounce all confidence.

They fight, Pucelle overcomes the King, and thus establishes her claim to be considered as one destined to lead on to victory.

The pen portrait of Joan drawn subsequently by Shakespeare during the victorious progress of the French army is, however, an unlovely one; and when reverses finally came to her and she fell into the hands of the English, she is depicted in such an evil light and in colors so lurid as should place her outside the pale of Christian sympathy.

But let history speak for her. The story of the "Maid of Orleans," always an interesting one, dates back to the fifteenth century, when France was in the throes of her great and final struggle with England to retain her independent place among the nations of Europe. From an early period in the twelfth century, when Henry I., the third son of William of Normandy, known as the Conqueror, ascended the throne of England, until the proclamation of the infant son of Henry V. as King of France, a period covering about three hundred years, the English armies, on one pretext or another, ravaged the fair fields of France in the assertion or maintenance of alleged claims, the validity of which depended in most part on the ability to enforce them. Henry V., like his great progenitor, Edward III., laid claim to certain provinces in France; but the claim was not allowed by those who held the reins of government in the name of the imbecile King Charles VI., and as a consequence Henry invaded France carrying everything before him. The battle of Agincourt, at which the flower of the French chivalry was cut to pieces, led to the signing of the Treaty of Troyes in March of 1420, under which peace was restored, Charles VI. disinheriting his third and only surviving son, Charles the Dauphin, and giving his daughter Catharine in marriage to the English King with the right of succession to the throne of France. The marriage was celebrated in the following June, and two years later—viz., in 1422—Henry V. died, leaving his infant son Henry to be proclaimed King of France, on the death of his grandfather, Charles VI., which occurred in October of the same year.

But the disinherited son of the late King, Charles the Dauphin, was not inclined to permit his English nephew to usurp his rights and kingdom and at once caused himself to be proclaimed King at Poitiers, under the title of Charles VII., although only then nineteen years of age. He had been, at the age of fifteen (in the year 1418), proscribed by his father for alleged complicity in the assassination of John the Fearless, Duke of Burgundy, who had sided with the English; and it was in connection with the struggle for the recovery of his kingdom from the English claimant and its subsequent successful termination that the name of Joan of Arc became famous.

Joan, or Jeanne, as it should be written, was born of humble parents in the little hamlet of Domremy, in Lorraine, about the year 1412, and was the eldest of five children. Her early life was mainly spent in assisting in the household duties, tending her father's flocks and such simple pursuits as fell to the lot of a village maiden of that time. Her most strongly marked characteristic was a glowing devotion to and reverence for the Virgin Mary, and a favorite pastime was gathering wild-flowers and making wreaths with which to crown her statue.

Jeanne was not fortunate in having the blessings of education, even in its simplest form, within her reach. She was wholly unlettered, and her store of knowledge was limited to the truths of religion, which were instilled into her mind by her pious mother, and to such domestic handicraft as would fit her for the fulfillment of wifely duties in the time to come, in some humble village home such as that in which she was

being reared. Her young life was uneventful, and the atmosphere of Domremy was one of peace.

But away beyond these scenes of pastoral quiet the armies of France and England were engaged in a fierce struggle for supremacy, and occasionally dread tidings of the proximity of the warring factions brought terror to the inhabitants of Domremy, who on more than one occasion had to flee for safety to the adjacent forest until the danger was past. These alarms were not without exercising a strange influence on Jeanne, then only twelve years of age; and the girlish fancies natural to one of her tender years began to give place to an exalted patriotism which made her keenly alive to the reverses then being experienced by the army of Charles the Dauphin. There was an old tradition or prophecy extant which declared that France should be saved from ruin by a maiden from out of Lorraine; but whether that had ever reached the ears of the simple peasant girl of Domremy is not known. Certain it is, however, that about this time Jeanne had strange Visions, and "Voices," as she described them, of unseen, supernatural visitants, it is asserted, bade her go forth and rescue her country from the perils which threatened it.

When Jeanne first related her experience, and the visions, angelic as they appeared to her to be, considerable doubt was expressed by her friends and relatives; but she became apparently so convinced of their reality that she never varied in the slightest particle as to the manner of their appearance or the words spoken to her during these mysterious visitations. For a period of four years these supernatural visions continued, until the conviction forced itself on Jeanne that she had received a supernatural call to go forth from her humble home to the aid of France. Her parents endeavored to turn her thoughts into other channels, and were desirous that she should marry and settle down in her native village; but to this she objected, stating that she had determined on leading a single life and devoting herself in the world to the service of God and her country.

About the month of May, 1428, the persistence of Jeanne succeeded in interesting Charles, Duke of Lorraine, in her contemplated scheme so far as to grant her an interview; but her youth and sex being considered, he declined to have her sent to the Dauphin, who was then being closely pressed by the English and their Burgundian allies. But Jeanne was not discouraged, and in the early part of the following year (1429) she made a final, and this time successful, effort to be permitted to present herself before the Dauphin and acquaint him with her supernatural commission.

The necessary outfit for the occasion was furnished by the inhabitants of Vaucouleurs, and, attended by a cortege of seven of her own immediate relations, she undertook a journey of eleven days on horseback to reach Chinon where Charles was at the time. At her earnest entreaty she was granted an audience, and in order to test her alleged supernatural powers the King directed that one of his courtiers should personate him at the interview. But Jeanne was not to be imposed upon, and though she had never seen Charles she at once singled him out, announcing her mission in the following words:

"The King of heaven has sent me to aid you. If it may please you to give me fighting men I will, by the help of Divine Grace, cause the siege of Orleans to be raised, and will conduct you to Rheims to be there crowned in spite of your enemies. This is what the King of heaven commanded me to tell you, and that it is His will that the English should retire into their own country and leave you in peace in your kingdom." She also told Charles, in private, things that no one but himself knew of, and this so impressed him that he readily conceded to her a knowledge, and presumably a power, out of the natural order.

Her offer to Charles, on being made public, created the greatest astonishment. A commission of inquiry, composed of the Archbishop of Rheims, Chancellor of France, and the Bishops of Senlis, Poitiers, Montpellier and others, was appointed to examine the claims of Jeanne that her inspiration was of divine origin. The examination was close and searching, but the answers of Jeanne to the questions propounded left no room for any doubt and her offer was accepted, subject to the action of the Parlia-

ment then sitting at Poitiers. The approval of that body was secured, and Jeanne was placed in the care of Seneschal de Beucaire and furnished with all the necessary equipments. The King would have presented her with a sword, but she preferred an old rusty sword to be found, as revealed to her, in the Church of St. Catherine de Fierbois, but which she had never seen and which she subsequently obtained. When fully equipped she was placed at the head of six thousand men, and on the 16th of March, 1429, accompanied by the Archbishop of Rheims and the Grand Master of the King's Household, she set out on that wonderful career which ended in the accomplishment of her mission and her death.

In May of that year Jeanne led an assault on the English troops, then entrenched before Orleans, which was undergoing the rigors of a siege, and, defeating the besiegers, entered Orleans in triumph. The enthusiasm and courage infused into the French soldiers by the success at Orleans led to other victories, and, on the advice of Jeanne, now and henceforth to be known as the "Maid of Orleans," it was decided to march to Rheims, in the cathedral of which the King was to be crowned in accordance with ancient custom. The fame of Jeanne's exploits preceded the army on its victorious march. One city after another made submission to the King, and when Rheims was reached the inhabitants opened its gates.

On the 7th of July, 1429, Charles made his triumphal entry into the "Ancient City of the Kings," accompanied by Jeanne, who was attended by her father and brothers, and who was looked upon with awe and admiration by the multitude. At the coronation which followed she stood by the King, banner in hand; but when the ceremony was over she sought an audience with Charles, and, informing him that her mission was now fulfilled, asked to be allowed to return home with her brothers and resume at Domremy the quiet, simple life which she had temporarily resigned, as she firmly believed, at the call of Heaven.

But the King, knowing the influence for good which she exercised over the troops, and the benefit which her association with his cause conferred, refused her request. She accepted the decision with reluctance, but yielded to what appeared to be the inevitable, for, while acquiescing in the wish of Charles, she was impressed with the conviction that she would before many months fall into the hands of the English. This presentiment was fully verified, for on the 24th of May, 1430, she was taken prisoner outside the gates of Compeigne, from which she had made a sortie, having been deserted by the troops she was then leading to victory. The joy of the English on account of her capture was unbounded, salvos of artillery being fired and other manifestations of delight being made on the occasion. She was at once placed in strict confinement, first in one fortress, then in another, and always heavily manacled. The treatment she received for the year she was in captivity was of the most barbarous character, and when after the mockery of a trial had been gone through and she was adjudged guilty of sorcery and condemned to be burned at the stake, it was but a fitting climax to the year's brutality. On the 24th of May, 1430, she was made prisoner, and on the 30th of May, 1431, a few days over a year later, the dread sentence was carried into effect in the market-place of Rouen.

History presents no more touching episode than the death of the heroic "Maid of Orleans" as recorded by the old chroniclers. At eight o'clock in the morning she was led from her prison to the old market-place, which was surrounded by eight hundred English soldiers. She was accompanied by her faithful friend and confessor, Frere Isambard de la Pierre, an humble member of the Dominican Order, who remained with her to the end and administered to her the last consolations of the Church. Kneeling in the midst of her inhuman persecutors, and wearing a cap on which was inscribed the words "heretical, faithless, idolatrous," she prayed earnestly for her enemies, asking forgiveness for herself from all whom she had offended, and, ascending the funeral pile with the resignation of the Christian martyrs of old, was soon fastened to the stake. As the flames enveloped her she raised her eyes to heaven, and the last word she was heard to utter was the sacred name of the Redeemer.

Thus perished the heroic "Maid of Orleans," whose only crime was her love of country, quickened into action by what she believed to have been a divine inspiration. To the eternal disgrace of Charles he made no effort in her behalf during her long captivity, no protest against the cruel sentence imposed on her. In fact the only gift he bestowed in return for what Jeanne had accomplished for him was the registry of a deed in the office of the Accountant at Meun, January 16, 1430, by which Jeanne and her family were ennobled and the right conferred on them to assume the name Du Luys, and adopt and use the armorial bearings of that family.

The memory and the predictions of the martyred maid continued to stimulate the French soldiery, and in the sixth year after her death King Charles VII. made his triumphal entry into Paris. In 1449, twelve years after the occupation of Paris, the market-place of Rouen, where eighteen years before the brave young martyr yielded up her pure soul to Heaven, resounded to the tramp of the victorious army of France, and in 1453 came the final success of the French arms. France was free; from every fortress waved triumphantly the Banner of the Lilies; the English were driven completely from the kingdom and the prophecy of the simple peasant girl of Domremy at her first interview with the Dauphin was fully verified.

With the fulfillment of the prophecy came the desire to vindicate the memory of Jeanne. The honor of France was pledged, and accordingly King Charles, in 1455, under the authority of Pope Calixtus III., then newly elected to the Papal chair, ordered a revision of the proceeding in the trial. A new commission of inquiry was created, presided over, as before, by Reignault de Chartres, Archbishop of Rheims, and composed of French bishops and ecclesiastics of acknowledged learning and judgment. Many of the witnesses at the former trial, including the aged mother of the martyred maid, were present, and were examined with a minuteness and circumspection characteristic of canonical investigations. After hearing the testimony of no less than one hundred and twelve persons in every walk of life, and of most unexceptionable character, who had formerly been witnesses of the virtues and exploits of Jeanne, the Archbishop, on behalf of the commission, declared the result of the inquiry to be a full vindication of Jeanne; the accusation of sorcery, witchcraft and heresy was ordered to be withdrawn; her condemnation was declared invalid and unjust, and all censure and opprobrium were forever removed from her name and memory. Her tragic death has always been considered a blot on England's then much vaunted magnanimity, and the historian Hume thus speaks of it:

"This admirable heroine, to whom the Ancients would have erected altars, was on pretense of heresy and magic delivered over alive to the flames and expiated by that dreadful punishment the signal service rendered to her King and native country."

The house where Jeanne was born is still in existence, and is used as a school for young girls under the care of the sisters of Mercy. It stands under the shadow of the old church of Domremy, the house wall forming one of the boundaries of the churchyard. Over the doorway appears a triple shield fleur de lis with inscriptions, and bearing the arms of the Du Luys granted to the family, as already stated, in 1430. Within the cottage there is a rude statuette of Jeanne copied from one of the fifteenth century, besides a more finished statue modeled after the original design of the Princess Marie d'Orleans, daughter of King Louis Philippe, and which serves to perpetuate the memory of the "Maid of Orleans."

LAROCHE.

WHERE MENELEK RULES.

"Menelek, the Emperor of Ethiopia and Negus of Abyssinia, has promulgated several sumptuary laws," says the New York "Tribune." "Among them is one forbidding any woman to wear jewels of gold. This privilege is reserved exclusively to Empress Taitu. Another law prohibits tobacco-smoking. This is explained by the fact that Menelek noticed one day that a tobacco plant had grown over the grave of one of his ancestors."



INDIAN SUMMER.

BY RUTH RAYMOND.

THE year stands still, as loth to go
From Summer's green to Winter's snow;
In festive garments, bright and gay,
A little while she yet would stay,
In restful mood, to dream her dream
Beside the changing, murmuring stream,
That soon will glisten with the frost,
Or 'neath a bridge of ice be lost.
The year stands still, we bid her wait,
Nor open yet cold Winter's gate;
But let us wander at our will
O'er shady vale and smoky hill;
With acorns dropping at our feet,
We, too, would dream of pleasures sweet,
And joys that soon must pass away
With the last Indian Summer Day.

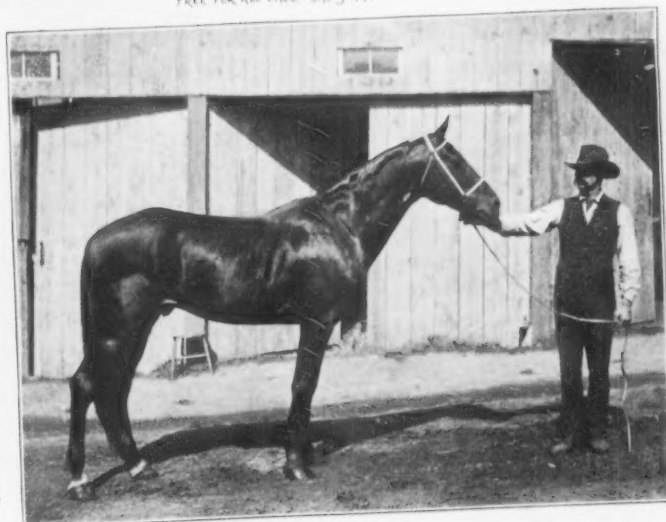
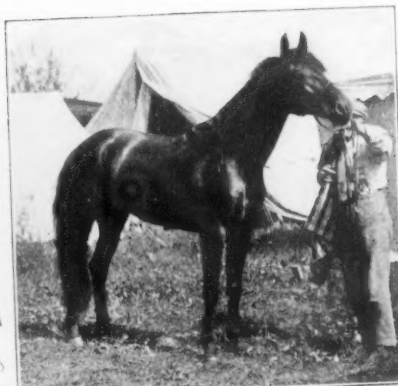
ELF FIRE.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

Why mourn ye, maiden Mary?
Forsooth, why weep ye so?
What wicked wile hath dimmed thy smile,
And wrought thee bitter woe?
"I had a bonny lover,"
The sobbing maiden said,
"He seeks no more my mother's door;
Alas! my love is dead."
How happed it, maiden Mary?
Was he not strong and hale?
"Twill ease thy heart of cruel smart
If thou wilt tell thy tale."
"I had a bonny lover,"
The tearful maiden cried:
"We were to wed—the banns were read—
This year at harvest-tide."
"But now the grain is gathered,
Is stored in barn and byre,
And oh, he sleeps in cozy deeps
Beneath the black, black mire!"
"Ah! he was bold, my lover,
And blithe and brave was he;
In wrestling ring, at hammer fling,
His might was good to see."
"And when came time for mowing,
And grass grew lush and tall,
His scythe cut then amongst the men
The widest swath of all."
"But now his scythe is rusting,
And none his firm hand wields,
Unless he mows the scented rows
In blest Elysian fields."
"I had a bonny lover,"
The maiden murmured low:
"Through shine or mist to keep our tryst
At dayfall would he go."
"And when our tryst was ended,
And he must leave my side,
He'd homeward stray the meadow-way
Along the marsh wide."
"One eve at verge of harvest,
When choiring birds their bars
Of music flung, and heaven was hung
With diadems of stars,"
"The while I fondly watched him
Swing down the sloping land,
In outline clear I saw appear
A bright and beckoning hand."
"And from the somber shadows
There leaped a form of grace,
A slender maid who smiled and swayed,
And mine methought her face."
"She lured him past the willows,
And past the marsh hay-rick;
In agony I strove to cry,
"Tis Kit o' the candlestick!"
"But chilled with awful anguish,
My lips were dumb as stone;
Then on the air a wild despair
Rang in his drowning moan."
"I ask not of your pity,
And yet if ye but knew!—
Men say heart-pain will dull the brain;
Would God that it were true!"
"My prayers arise unanswered;
In vain mine eyes are wet;
Give gracious ear!—O father, hear
My last prayer—to forget!"



AMONG THE WATER LILIES.



ROBT J. HOLDER OF WORLD'S RECORD 2:15 BUT BEATEN IN THIS RACE



TROTTING AND PACING AT FLEETWOOD PARK.

A FORTUNATE FAILURE.

BY ELLEN MARGARET GRAHAM.

It was a cold, raw afternoon in winter, and although early, it was very dark outside and snow began falling steadily.

Albert Blake sat in his private office in a listless attitude, when a cheery voice suddenly exclaimed:

"How are you, Albert? What! not through business yet? You keep late hours."

"My dear Horace," said Blake, "sit down; you always cheer me up so," and Blake with a weary sigh sank back in his chair. He looked haggard and worn as a man who has something depressing weighing him down.

"Albert," said Horace, affectionately, "you work too hard; if you continue this way you will be a ruined man."

"I am almost that already," answered Blake with a bitter smile; "it is only a question of a few hours when the catastrophe arrives. My financial embarrassments have swamped me, and I can no longer stem the tide, but must float with the current."

"Albert, does your wife know of this?"

"If she does not now she will very soon. Poor Josephine! there will soon be an end to all her social triumphs."

The men passed into the street, and Blake walked with his head down and a preoccupied air till he gained his own door.

He dined alone. When he had finished he went to his private study and worked some more, but all to no avail; no matter where he looked he saw ruin always staring him in the face. He rose wearily and went in search of his wife. There was a light burning in her room, and as he knocked a low laugh greeted his ear, and presently the maid threw open the door to admit him.

Josephine was dressing for a ball. She was in shimmering white with here and there silver gleaming from the folds of her dress. Her little girl, Marguerite, sat in a large chair sleepily watching the preparations of her mother.

"Well, Albert," began Josephine, "so you have come at last? The skirt wants another stitch on this side, Marie, where it is caught up."

She never looked at her husband; perhaps if she had she might have been frightened at his pallid look.

"Where are my diamonds, Marie? I will put them on next. Albert, Angela Hamilton says this is to be the ball of the season."

"Where did you see Angela Hamilton?" asked her husband.

"We have been shopping together all day. Now don't get angry; I know you hate her because she calls you the 'Knight of the Rueful Countenance.'"

"I wish you were not with her so much, Josephine," said Albert.

"Well, if you are away so much I must have some one, and she is so amiable. Angela says that the men at the club are beginning to talk of our never going out together and that you care more for business than you do for your wife. But let them talk, they cannot hurt us."

Blake uttered a smothered exclamation, but the presence of the maid checked him.

"Angela Hamilton is trying to make mischief between us; I told you so all along. She is a dangerous woman."

"Albert, how absurd you are. Marie, where are my gloves? Which color is best, gray or pure white?"

Blake turned away. An agony of yearning toward his frivolous wife, a feeling of how much was wanting in her, a thousand unexpressed emotions flooded over him. He turned to the child.

"Marguerite, not in bed yet? The child will have no health. Marguerite, you should go to bed at once, like a good little girl."

"I shan't," answered the child, edging toward her mother.

"Mignonne is well enough here, Albert; besides, I could not spare Marie. You will bring that child up to hate you; see, she is afraid of you even now."

Blake left the room with a weary sigh, and when the front door closed with a bang, a strange desolate feeling came over him. He knew his wife would not return till the sun was high in the heavens.

The next day Horace overtook his friend just as he was entering his house, and something in Blake's face arrested his attention, and he exclaimed:

"I was just looking for you, Albert; but what is the matter? are your affairs so bad?"

"Bad! I have failed utterly. They have brought judgment against me and I could not meet my creditors, and we have been forced to suspend. The crisis was not long in coming."

By this time they had entered the house and were in the drawing-room. Blake sank wearily into a chair. Horace sat watching him, uncertain what to do. Blake was not a man to thank one for pity; he was very proud and very shrinking; perhaps what his friend did was, after all, the best thing. He sat quietly turning his hat round and round in his hand. There was a silence for a time; after that, a sort of ghostly silence that generally accompanies misfortune. At last Horace spoke:

"Have you saved nothing?" he asked.

"Absolutely nothing. My entire fortune has been swept away at one stroke. When everything has been paid I shall not have a cent in the world."

Another silence broken by Horace.

"And your wife?" he began.

Blake started as one wounded, an expression of intense pain shot across his face. "Oh, Horace," he said, brokenly, "how shall I ever find courage to tell her?"

"If she is the woman I think she is, Albert," said Horace, quietly, "she needs but this to develop the tender side of her character."

"I am afraid you do not know her, Horace," said his friend, hopelessly; "this failure will mean so much more to her than it would to you or me. I have seen it on the horizon, far off, bearing down upon me, and have been powerless to avert it, and now it is too late."

"You have been killing yourself by inches the last few months, Albert," Horace replied; "you have been working early and late, and all to no good."

"I have been fighting against fate, circumstance, what you will, hoping against hope, and have met my Waterloo at last. You do not know, Horace, how I have striven to avoid what I knew was inevitable."

"You must be brave now, Albert; there is no turning back. Loss of fortune, what is that? and you never had extravagant tastes."

"Thank Heaven, no. But Josephine! how can I tell her? Leave me, Horace; she will be home soon, and I must see my way clear before she comes."

Horace left him, and when alone Albert paced up and down the long drawing-room, glancing occasionally at the clock. Suddenly the sound of wheels was heard; they stopped, and Albert darted out. "It must surely be Josephine."

And it was Josephine, in all her finery, exquisitely dressed in velvet and sables.

"What is it, Albert?" she asked, "why have you brought me here?"

"Josephine, a terrible misfortune has befallen us, try to be brave. The bank has suspended payment and I am bankrupt."

Josephine sat as one paralyzed; no cry escaped her. She rose, tottered, would have fallen had not Albert caught her.

"My darling, what would I not give to have spared you all this?"

"It was all my reckless extravagance," cried his wife, bursting into a storm of sobs; "I have been cruel, wicked; oh, my poor little child! Albert, can you forgive me? Most men would have cast me off long ago."

He led her to her room, soothing her and quieting her till her maid came to undress her.

"Take them off—everything," she cried, "I will never wear any of them again."

Her maid put a loose flannel wrapper upon her and left her to sleep.

But Josephine could not sleep, her brain was on fire. She passed the hours impatiently till a great lonely feeling took possession of her. She had lived on excitement so much that now the dark, silent house frightened her.

"Poor Albert!" she thought; "he is toiling away downstairs somewhere. I will go down and find him."

She was lonesome. She went down from a selfish motive; but when she stood on the threshold and saw her husband, pale and haggard, bending wearily over some book, a great wave of feeling overcame her. She advanced timidly, a great lump in her throat, and silently knelt by his side.

"Albert," she said, "I have been looking for you; why do you sit up writing?"

"What, Josephine, still up? I thought you had retired long ago."

"Oh, Albert! I could not and leave you to fight it out here alone. Let me know the worst—tell me everything. Is it not a wife's privilege to share misfortunes with her husband?"

Albert leaned back wearily in his chair. He felt a thrill of pleasure in the midst of all his pain. "I can tell you nothing definite as yet," he began, slowly. "We must move away from here, of course. We will lose all—servants, horses, position, everything." He took up his pen.

"Have I annoyed you?" she began, timidly. "I did not intend to. It was lonely upstairs. I want to try and understand it; I feel almost like an outsider; and to think that we should have come to this."

"Josephine," he said, "let us try to be brave, and whatever comes, strive to hope for the best."

"With all my heart, Albert," she exclaimed. "Only the other day Angela Hamilton said to me—"

"You need not repeat it, Josephine."

"Albert," she exclaimed, petulantly, "why do you always hate Angela so?"

"I do not hate her; I do not care for her, that is all."

"But, Albert, you hardly know her."

"I knew her long before you ever did."

"I could never have dreamed it; tell me all about it," a jealous pang taking possession of her.

"Well, then, since you wish it, I will. A long time ago, before I was married, Angela Hamilton and I played together as boy and girl. Like all children, we thought ourselves in love; we were a little extravagant, perhaps, but our ardent young natures were just budding. Well, in the midst of our romantic, idyllic little love episode I returned to the city. How well I remember parting with her, and how long ago it seems! I came to the city, as I said, and there I met you. It was love at first sight and I soon forgot my boyish flame. One day Angela suddenly appeared; she was in town on a visit, and as soon as I saw her I knew that my love for her was cold and dead. I had always liked her, and in my new-found happiness I was ready to be kind to her. She had a good deal of attention, but spurned it all. She told me I had changed—implored me to return to the country. After being with you I would go to her house and talk with her. Finally, one day I told her of our engagement. How angry she was. She talked incoherently for a while, when, to pacify her, I said: 'Angela, you should not be so angry. It will make no difference in our friendship—no one on earth can take your place.' This made her more angry still. 'You dare tell me that,' she cried. 'I have been weak, very weak, but you shall not have things all your own way. Do you think I will stand by and see another usurp my place? She has taken you from me. The time is over for force. I must now use stratagem. Beware of a jealous woman. Sometimes it takes them years to accomplish their object.' With these wild words she left me. I never saw her again until after we were married. She invited me to her house and I went. Some time later I heard her name coupled to mine in a way I did not like. I drew back. I had felt the scratch under the patte de velour. Then she took you up—oh, Heaven, what an agony it caused me! She flattered you, she was subtle, she whispered poisoned things. One day some one remonstrated with her. 'Leave me alone,' she answered, 'his wife cares only for frivolities; he is not happy; I will win him back again.' Poor Angela, hers is indeed a sad history."

His young wife pressed closer to him; her breath came and went.

"What a puppet I have been," she said. "Angela

played with me as a cat does with a mouse. I was indeed in her power. What an escape! Oh, Albert! that woman loves you passionately even yet. Are you sure you do not care for her?"

"My darling, I have never loved but you."

"I am so glad we are going away to forget all this. Oh, Albert, take me to some place where you and I can love each other without fear of jealous women and where I can learn to be a better wife to you."

"Oh, my darling, how happy I shall be when I can get you away where scandalous tongues cannot reach you. But for this misfortune we should never have been so much to each other. I have laid bare the secrets of my heart to you; we will begin life with no cloud between us. This is indeed a fortunate failure."

ECHOES OF THE OLD WORLD.

"A CHIEF is money ye takin' notes
An' heth he'll prent 'em."

Li, the great Chinaman, is about to commit his thoughts to paper, and then we shall "see ourselves as others see us." Li, whose name is variously stated as Tsung Pao, Hong Tung and Hung Chang (Grand Secretary), has had ample opportunity for studying the outer Barbarians since he left the Celestial Empire to attend the coronation at Moscow. His book, now in course of preparation, will be read with intense interest by Chinese scholars and Orientalists generally. Sir Halliday Macartney, G.C.M.G., Sir Edwin Arnold and Dr. Irwin, the Irish physician of the Viceroy, will study it with attention. Perhaps some one will undertake a translation into some of the European languages. Li, on his visit to Woolwich arsenal, was overcome by sleep. He wanted his midday siesta. This was made known to the authorities, and at once a sofa was procured, but this was not sufficient. A comfortable bed was soon fixed up whereon the Grand Old Chinaman slept the sleep of the just (let us hope) for two hours, and then resumed sight-seeing. His journey across the States, Canada, British Columbia, over the picturesque route westward to the Far East, will embrace the finest scenery in the world, and then the journey across the Pacific to Japan and home to China will be just in the nick of time before the cold weather sets in.

Dr. Leander Starr Jameson is whirling away the hours of prison life by writing an account of his personal experiences in the Transvaal. The book is sure to command a great circulation. It may not rival the writings of Silvio Pellicoe during the twenty years of his prison life, but it will keep "Dr. Jim" prominently before the public until his release.

Africa is one of the Lands of the Future for the English-speaking race. The shelling of the Sultan's palace at Zanzibar was one of those short, sharp, decisive conflicts characteristic of modern warfare. The late Sultan, Hamid bin Thwain bin Said, is believed to have been poisoned. The usurper, Said Khalid, and the commander of his forces, Said Sales, escaped to the German consulate when the palace was reduced to a blazing mass of ruins. Hamoud was proclaimed Sultan.

The marriage of the Prince of Naples and Princess Elena of Montenegro will not be long delayed. Rumors are afloat as to the possible presence of the German Emperor and Empress at the marriage.

The Duc d'Orleans and the Princess Amelie Dorothea of Austria will be married early in November at the Church of St. Raphael, Kingston on Thames, near London. This is at the special request of the Duc's mother, the Comtesse de Paris. Princess Helene, the Duc's sister, and the Duc d'Aosta were married last year in the same church, which also witnessed the nuptials of the Count and Countess de Paris.

The surrender of the Matabel chiefs to the English authorities practically terminates the South African War. But Central Africa and Northern Africa have still to be reckoned with. Mrs. Kruger, wife of the Transvaal President, is dangerously ill. His sister, Madame de Plessis, a venerable lady of some seventy-five summers, died lately, leaving a multitude of descendants numbering one hundred and seventy-seven.

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Queen Victoria is now in Bonny Scotland, her favorite home Balmoral. For ten years she has not been so strong. The cold at Balmoral is sometimes phenomenal, but no matter what the freezing point reached the dear old lady allows no fires in the rooms of her lords and ladies in waiting, nor will she indulge in the luxury herself. The curfew tolls the knell of parting day at ten o'clock, and though the lights are left burning a little longer it is by stealth.

The Londoners are in a state of high fever at the idea of the Czar and Czarina giving them the go-by, instead of being on view for at least a week. But so it has been decided. They will cross the North Sea in their magnificent yacht, the "Polar Star," and land at Aberdeen, the Granite City, and then on to Balmoral. There are to be no receptions, no reviews, no entertainments. Peace and quietness supreme will reign for the three or four days of their visit. But much good is hoped for as the result. Queen Victoria is pre-eminently "A perfect woman, nobly planned, to soothe, to comfort and command." Her advice and good example will go a great way in influencing the future conduct of the Czar.

It is not the Jews alone who suffer persecution for conscience' sake in the Czar's vast dominions. The Polish Catholics are also the victims of needless persecutions. Four dioceses have been suppressed in Russian Poland without the authority of the Holy See. This is a flagrant breach of that freedom of religion promised at the inauguration of Czar Nicholas II. Unhappily he cannot be held responsible. Prince Lobanoff Rostovsky, Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, who accompanied the Czar and Czarina to Vienna, died suddenly at Dresden. This will cast an additional gloom over the already too nervous temperament of the Czar.

Pope Leo XIII. has addressed an autograph letter to the Sultan beseeching him to stop the effusion of blood in the Turkish Empire. Queen Victoria has also sent a verbal message to be delivered to the Sultan in a personal interview by Sir Philip Currie, the British Ambassador at Constantinople, who left London on Monday to return to his post at the Golden Horn.

September 23 Queen Victoria will have reigned longer than any of her predecessors on the English throne. She has, however, signified her wish to her loyal subjects, through the Secretary of State for the Home Department, that she prefers there should be no recognition or celebration of the event until she shall have completed the sixtieth year of her reign, June 18, 1897.

Mgr. Bartolomeos, late Gregarian Archbishop of Brusa, who is highly esteemed by the Turks for his Mohammedan sympathies, has been chosen Locum tenens of the Armenian Patriarchate in consequence of the resignation of Mgr. Izmirian. The Porte has appointed a new Armenian Council in succession to that which retires with the Patriarchate. It is composed as usual of eight clergy and eight laymen.

King Christian IX. of Denmark, father of the Princess of Wales, and maternal grandfather of Czar Nicholas II., is the oldest monarch in Europe. He entered the seventy-ninth year of his age last April. He has reigned thirty-three years.

Oscar Tomare, Prince of Bora Bora, one of the largest of the Society Islands, who has been educated at Edinburgh University, Scotland, is a great bicyclist.

Driven to desperation by false promises and hope delayed, the Armenians of Constantinople attacked the Ottoman Bank in Galata, the business center of the city, where most of the bazaars are situated. This was the signal for the energetic intervention of the Sultan. Forty Armenians, armed with revolvers and bombs, forced their way into the Ottoman Bank, killing the guards. The clerks fled, taking refuge in the tobacco regie which is next door to the bank. The British warship "Dryad" and the French and Italian guardships steamed up from the Golden Horn to Galata. None of the bank officials were injured, and the bank was not robbed. The French Charge d'Affaires installed a guard of soldiers from the French guardship "La Fleche" at the French embassy, Constantinople, as a measure of precaution.

The advance of the British troops upon Dongola has commenced. The entire garrison at Soudah has advanced and

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occupied Absarat, while a large convoy has started for that place by the desert route.

The Duke of Westminster has received an urgent telegraphic appeal from Constantinople for an immediate grant of two thousand pounds for the distressed Armenians in the Malatiah. This is in addition to four thousand needed for Van.

The hostilities at Beyrout between the Druses and the Turks are for the moment suspended. The leaders of the former have requested the intervention of the Consuls-General of France and Russia to obtain redress of their grievances, and the Consuls have been permitted to mediate.

The death of M. de Cazenove, deputy of the Loire Inferieure, took place lately at Poulguen. He was born December 31, 1838, and was a member of an old Legitimist family. He was present during the campaign of 1870 in the corps of General de Charette, and won a military medal on the field of battle. Formerly secretary to the Comte de Chambard, he was a staunch royalist to the last.

Sir Hercules Robinson, Governor of Cape Colony, South Africa, has been raised to the peerage. He takes his title, Baron Rosmead, in the County Westmeath, from the name of his native townland. His father, Admiral Hercules Robinson, was a Justice of the Peace and Deputy Lieutenant for the county, and served as High Sheriff in 1842. Tafelberg, in South Africa, from which he derives his second title, is situated to the south of Fraserburg and the Nieuwveld Mountains.

The Earl of Derby is the Lord Mayor of Liverpool for the present year. He presided lately at a meeting to inaugurate a memorial to Mgr. Nugent, for thirty years editor of the "Catholic Times," and founder of the Boys' Protectory.

The Earl of Derby is one of the richest peers in England. During the Premiership of the late Lord Beaconsfield, when the crown of Greece was going a-begging, before it was accepted by the present King George, then Prince of Denmark, it was offered to the Lord Derby of that time by Beaconsfield. Earl Derby declined it, and Disraeli remarked: "The Stanleys are not an imaginative race." The late Lady Stanley and her son, Mgr. Stanley of St. James's Spanish Place, London, are the only Catholic members of the family.

THE WEEK AT HOME.

PROF. LORENZO NILES FOWLER, the well-known phrenologist, died Wednesday, September 2, in West Orange, N. J. Death was caused by paralysis. He was eighty-five years old and for thirty-five years had lived in London. He was a native of Cohocton, N. Y., and was educated for the Presbyterian ministry at Amherst, where he was a classmate of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. He abandoned his theological studies to take up phrenology, and eventually, with his brother, issued the phrenological journal, the first journal devoted exclusively to the science of phrenology ever published. During his stay in Europe Professor Fowler examined the heads of some of the most conspicuous men and women of the century. He is said to have examined the heads of the late Czar Alexander III., Dwight L. Moody, Horace Greeley, Mrs. Stowe, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Walt Whitman, Samuel F. B. Morse, Cyrus W. Field, Sir Henry Irving, John Bright, Cobden, Charles Dickens and William Cullen Bryant.

Li Hung Chang departed from New York Thursday, September 3. He visited Philadelphia and Washington, and then proceeded to Niagara, where he inspected the plant of the big electric power company. He narrowly escaped serious injury from touching one of the great flywheels with his cane. The cane was knocked from his hand and Li was much startled.

The movement inaugurated by Charles Broadway Rous of New York to perpetuate the history of the Southern Confederacy and deeds of Southern bravery by erecting a magnificent memorial building was promoted by the action of the Board of Trustees at the session on Lookout Mountain. Corporate existence will be given the movement by a charter obtained in Mississippi for the Confederate Memorial Association. The idea of a Battle Abbey has been abandoned as impracticable, and the structure to be erected will be called the Confederate Memorial Institute. It is estimated that the institute will involve an outlay of at least five hundred thousand dollars before completion.

Dr. Thomas Gallagher, one of the three Irish dynamiters who were recently released from Portland Prison, England,

arrived in New York Friday, September 4. The passage was marked by a succession of incidents which made it evident that the hardships of thirteen years in prison had rendered him insane. His conduct subsequent to his landing confirmed the impression, and he became so violent that his friends were obliged to resort to a strait-jacket to restrain him. Albert George Whitehead, who was released with Dr. Gallagher, has disappeared and is also said to be hopelessly insane. It is supposed that he has come to this country, but his present whereabouts and the name of the vessel on which he came are not known.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

GAUDAUR IS CHAMPION.

The single scull championship of the world was decided September 7, in London, in favor of Jacob Gaudaur, the Canadian oarsman, his opponent being James Stansbury, of Victoria, Australia. Gaudaur won with ease. The race was rowed over the championship course of four miles and three hundred yards, from Putney to Mortlake, and was witnessed by crowds.

Stansbury rowed nineteen strokes in the first half-minute and thirty-seven strokes in the first minute, while Gaudaur pulled eighteen strokes in the first half-minute and thirty-four strokes in the minute. Gaudaur reached the winning post about two hundred yards ahead of the Australian. Gaudaur's time was 23m. 1s. and Stansbury's 23m. 46s. Stansbury protested against Gaudaur being awarded the race, alleging that the Canadian had fouled him. The claim, however, was not allowed.

SENATOR PALMER.

Those Democrats who dissent from the platform adopted at the Chicago Convention ended their deliberations in Indianapolis on September 3, by nominating a ticket on a gold platform, in opposition to the Democratic ticket now in the field. The nominees were: For President, Senator John M. Palmer of Illinois, and Vice-President, General Simon Bolivar Buckner of Kentucky.

Senator Palmer is a native of Kentucky, but now resides in Springfield, Ill. He was born September 13, 1817, and was educated in the public schools. He spent one year in Alton College (now Shurtleff College), and subsequently taught school and studied law. He entered politics, and filled various offices on the bench and in the Legislature. He left the Democratic party in 1856 and was elected president of the Republican State Convention that year. He was also a delegate to the Republican Convention which nominated Fremont for the Presidency, was a Republican candidate for Congress in 1859 and was chosen Republican elector during the campaign which resulted in Lincoln's election. He served with distinction during the war and was retired a Major-General. In 1868 he was elected Governor of Illinois on the Republican ticket, but a few years later returned to the Democratic fold where he has remained ever since. He was elected United States Senator from Illinois in 1890.

THE ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.

The eclipse of 1896 will, no doubt, be long remembered. The line of central eclipse passed through the north of Norway, Novaya Zembya, Siberia, and Japan, and several places on this line were crowded with astronomers. The following notes are from the eclipse station at Kurmakul in Novaya Zembya, the most northerly station on the line. The party was organized by Sir George Baden-Powell, M.P., and consisted of himself and Lady Baden-Powell, Dr. Stone (Radcliffe Observer, Oxford), Mr. Shaktleton (South Kensington), and Lieutenant Webb, R.N., who was to make hydrographic surveys for the Admiralty. The party left Hammerfest in the yacht "Otaria," and sailed to Vardö to procure official dispatches from St. Petersburg in connection with the landing at Novaya Zembya. At Kurmakul, Prince Boris, of the Russian expedition, paid a visit to Sir George Baden-Powell's party. The latter, learning that there was a small island near by which would be favorable for observation, went there and fixed their tents. Here some days were spent in preparing for the eclipse. The sky for the most part presented a dull appearance, so there was no possibility of making trial photographs. The day before the eclipse, however, was better, and everybody who was going to take part in using the instruments went through a kind of rehearsal of his duties. On the morning of the eclipse, about a quarter past seven, the moon was seen to be cutting out a little of the sun. Then the light appeared to fade away, until all at once everything seemed to be plunged into darkness, and the eclipse really began. When the eyes of the observers had re-

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covered the shock, it was found that, after all, it was comparatively light, with the sun obscured by the moon, round which appeared a magnificent ring of purple light, crowned by fan-like streams of coronal rays. Before one had time to realize what had happened the rays of sunlight again shot forth, and the eclipse was over. The photographs taken of the corona itself and the spectroscopic photographs of the corona and prominences were very satisfactory, and will be of use in the investigation of the change of form of the corona with respect to the maximum and minimum sun spot periods. The spectroscopic results are almost invaluable, and will throw some light on the vexed question as to the position of the absorbing layer in the sun which gives rise to the Fraunhofer line in the Solar Spectrum.

PACING AT FLEETWOOD.


At Fleetwood Park, New York, Wednesday, September 2, William Simpson's stable, John R. Gentry, paced three heats, averaging less than 2:03 1-2, and beating among others Robert J., who holds the world's record. The three heats that were run have been declared by those who know to be the most remarkable on record. The four horses entered were Robert J., Frank Agan, Star Pointer and John R. Gentry. In the 2.15 trotting class Alcidalia won easily from a big field.

DR. NANSEN AND THE "FRAM."

The triumphal progress of Dr. Nansen and his companion, Lieutenant Johansen, along the coast of Norway has been interrupted by the most striking coincidence ever known in Arctic travel—the appearance of his ship the "Fram" with all her crew in good health, and with a record of northern latitude only less remarkable than that attained by Nansen himself. On the very day that Nansen sighted the coast of Norway, the "Fram" forced her way out of the ice-pack into the open sea.

The unfavorable views expressed by leading Arctic authorities on Dr. Nansen's scheme of pushing his ship into the ice and allowing her to drift with it, and on his plan of building his vessel so that she should be forced out of the ice instead of being crushed by it in case of being nipped, were loudly expressed, but they are also, fortunately, fallacious. The new scheme, founded on a carefully considered hypothesis, has proved completely successful, in spite of its opposition to all the maxims of polar experience and the demands of traditional prudence. Sir George Baden-Powell was fortunate enough to receive Dr. and Mrs. Nansen on his yacht the "Otaria" at Hammerfest, and to have the satisfaction of taking them to meet the "Fram," with which they will probably proceed to Christiania. The enthusiasm of the Norwegian people over Dr. Nansen's success and safe return was beginning to be touched with anxiety for the fate of his equally courageous companions, which this happy reunion has effectually banished.

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 JENKS—"What is she cross about?"
 PENROBUNKER—"In the first place, she got cross at the servant girl, then she got cross at me because I didn't get cross at the servant girl, and now she is cross at herself because she got cross at the servant girl. Do you understand?"

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VALUES OF AUTOGRAPHS.

The Collector says that the autographs of prominent men vary according to circumstances. A Presidential year brings out many new values. Sometimes it brings entirely new men into the market, but generally it lifts twenty-five-cent and fifty-cent specimens to a higher plane. A Republican nomination will carry a fifty-cent man to a dollar and a half, while his election will make it three dollars. If an entirely dark horse should be chosen his letters might easily be quoted at from five to ten dollars, as there would be a great rush for him and probably an insufficient supply. For a long time Arthur was at ten and twelve dollars, but is now five to six dollars. Collectors who have complete sets of Presidents desire the new men at once, and their competition drives up the price. As ex-President Harrison generally dictates his letters, the price of his autograph letters continues very high. McKinley's letters have never been very plentiful, and have generally sold at one dollar. He is already worth two dollars, and will be higher later on.

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